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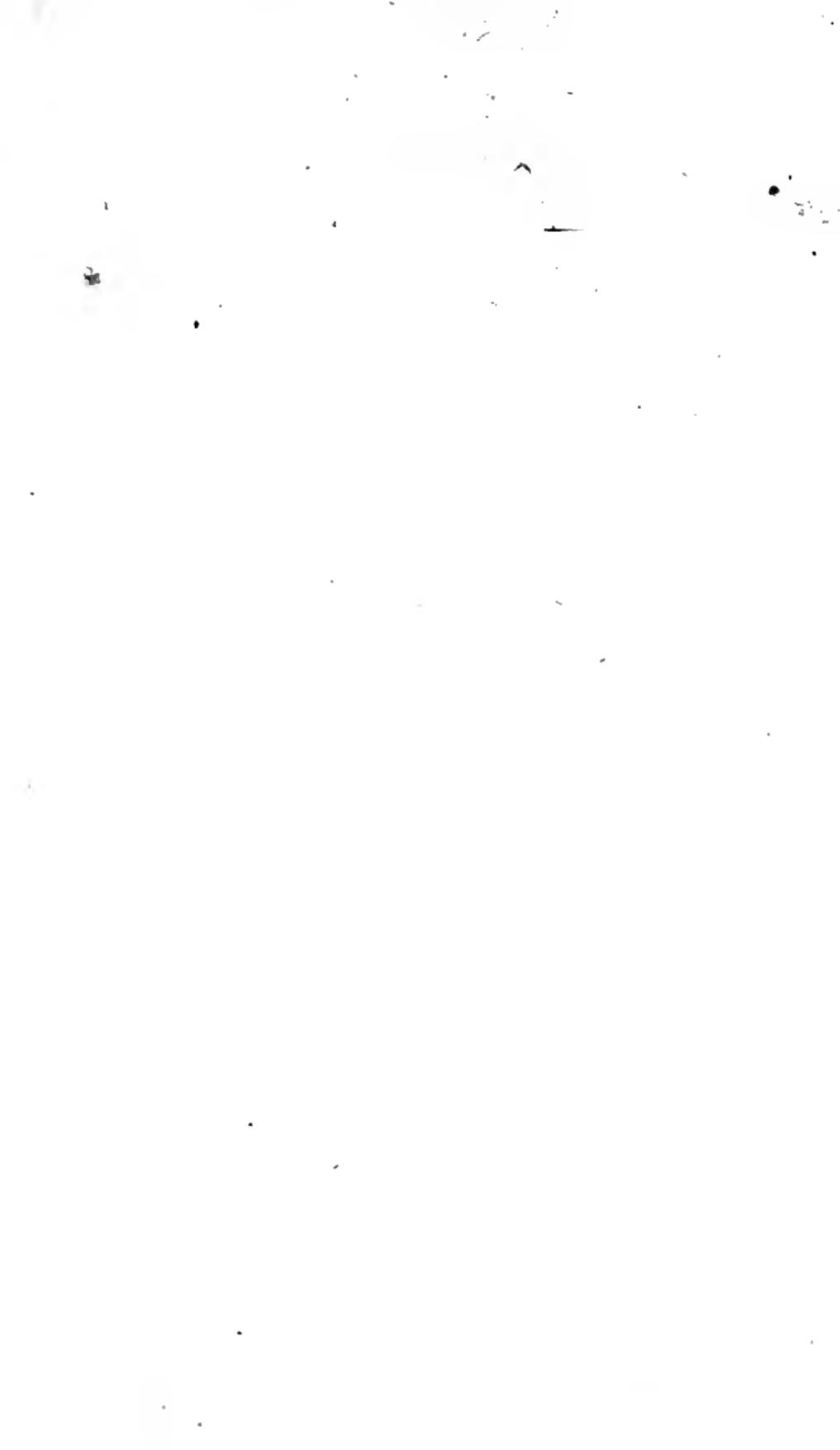
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## **RUSTIC MUSE.**

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THE

# RUSTIC MUSE;

A

*COLLECTION OF POEMS.*

---

BY J. BUTTERWORTH.

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OLDHAM :

Printed and Sold by J. Clarke, Market-place ; sold also by  
the Author.

—  
1818.



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## DEDICATION.

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*With reverential awe I entrust to  
James Whitehead, Esq. of Denshaw, in Saddle-  
worth, and Thomas Taylor, Esq. of Rhodes-hill,  
near Lees, within Ashton-under-line, two sincere  
Friends of that Person to whom these Poems were  
fully intended to have been dedicated, and who  
suddenly bid adieu to this earthly scene a few days  
previous to their publication, the late*

**JOHN LEES, ESQ.**

of Bankside, near Oldham,

*to select any small portion from this chaplet of  
wild flowers, to strew on his tomb.—He was one  
whom above all earthly friends I esteemed, and  
who through life displayed that gentleness and  
suavity of manners, that unbounded goodness of  
heart, and that condescension to all ranks of  
society, which endeared him to all. Peace to his  
memory!*

**THE AUTHOR.**

January, 1818.

853620



## *PREFACE.*

---

THE following, the efforts of a rude, untutored muse—the hasty productions of his leisure hours—are published at the solicitations of a few of his friends.—Nothing superior can be expected from one who, instead of studying the pages of a Homer or a Virgil, was confined to a laborious and menial employ fourteen or fifteen hours each day, during the time they were written. I submit them, however, with all their defects, to the public, craving their indulgence,

And remain,

Their obedient & devoted servant,

J. BUTTERWORTH.

Post-Office, Oldham,  
January, 1818.







*J. Buck, Sculptor.*

## ROCHER VALE.

*As it appeared when the Poem was written.  
Taken from Lilly's Nook.*

# **Kocher Vale.**

*A Poem.*



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## ***ROCHER VALE.***

---

FIR'D by the genial warmth of spring,  
Descriptive fancy spreads her wing,  
And mounts upon the morning gale,  
To taste the sweets of ROCHER VALE.  
Romantic spot! in sullen pride  
The rocks arise on ev'ry side,  
And with their hoary heads defy  
The bitter storm that thunders by.  
Beneath these awful cliffs are seen  
The vernal meadows, moist and green,  
Where his flocks the shepherd leads,  
And the sweet breath'd héifer feeds:

All along the streamlet's side,  
Where thy waters, Medlock, glide ;  
Now in silvery mazes seen,  
And now lost 'midst hillocks green ;  
Whilst thro' many a devious way,  
With silent course they steal away.  
As down the vale my steps I bend,  
Behold the curling smoke ascend,  
From shed or cottage frequent seen  
Embower'd in oak and ivy green.  
Here upon the hawthorn spray  
Their snow-white vests the damels lay.  
Still further on my fancy roves,  
And rambles thro' the hazel groves,  
Where as I bend the tangling bough,  
With hasty step to pass them thro'  
The nuts from out their husky bed,  
Profusely scatter on my head.

From Nature's scenes we now depart,  
Reluctant, to the works of art :  
For commerce now usurps the reign,  
And spoils the beauties of the plain.  
See from the river's ancient bed  
The infant streamlet rudely led,

And thro' the fields and mazy groves  
 The little silvery vagrant roves ;  
 'Till with many a rising mound,  
 Its glassy flood is compass'd round ;  
 Whilst the ponderous engine's stroke  
 Rolls its steamy clouds of smoke.

Yet amid the varied scene,  
 Shades of sorrow intervene ;  
 And memory sadly loves to tell  
 How prematurely **COLIN** fell.—  
 Rous'd by the sound of early horn,  
 He wander'd down the Vale one morn,  
 No gloomy presage o'er his soul,  
 In solemn boding accents stole ;  
 But blithsome as he tript along,  
 He softly pour'd the melting song.  
 'Tis well that mortal eye can't see  
 The hidden ways of destiny ;  
 Else what on earth could bliss bestow,  
 Since bliss is still allied to wo !  
 This moment smil'd the yonth around,  
 The next—his blood distain'd the ground ;  
 The thundering engine's massive beam  
 Forc'd from each limb the purpling stream.

With shrieks all wan and crush'd he fell—  
 Forbear, my muse, the rest to tell ;  
 And oh ! forgive this gushing tear,  
 For one so mourn'd, for one so dear.  
 Alike we were in years and birth—  
 Alike we join'd in rustic mirth ;  
 We both alike were foes to strife,  
 Nor differ'd, but in length of life.

From this sad scene my fancy flies,  
 And pensive turns her tearful eyes ;  
 Across the stream ascend we slow,  
 To yonder wood-crown'd mountain's brow.  
 Here oft the muse expands her wings,  
 And in descriptive numbers sings ;  
 Whilst to the coy and blushing fair  
 The amorous youth unfolds his care.  
 On this side silver birches grow,  
 On that are oaks, a sturdy row,  
 Which o'er the steep for ages past,  
 Their broad extended arms have cast,  
 And mock'd the fury of the blast.  
 Here many a swain delights to rove,  
 And carve th' initials of his love ;  
 Whilst ev'ry conscious shrub supplies  
 The name of her for whom he sighs.

}

But let each nymph with cautious tread  
Approach this love-inviting shade ;  
For ah ! yon Aspin's trembling tongue,  
That pensive waves these shrubs among,  
Can tell a sad and mournful tale,  
How men are false, and women frail.  
Then list, ye fair, to these rude lays,  
And hear what old Tradition says :  
Tradition—that grey-headed dame,  
Who by the cottage dying flame,  
With rheumy eyes, and palsied head,  
Oft mumbles o'er the embers red ;  
Surrounded by a gaping throng,  
She hums a verse of some old song ;  
Or tells strange things of times long past,  
Of maidens ruin'd, knights held fast  
By magic, witchcraft, imps of hell,  
With many a dark, mysterious spell ;  
Of apparitions, spectres gaunt,  
Who the lonely castles haunt ;  
And music heard at midnight hour,  
To hover round the moldering tower ;  
Or how by Luna's silver light,  
The merry fairies dance by night ;

Led by Titania and their king,  
 On mountain tops they trace the ring,  
 Whilst listening clowns, with eager eyes  
 Reward the Beldame with surprise ;  
 'Twas from this old loquacious dame,  
 The ground-work of this story came :—

Lo ! in the fatal month of May,  
 A nymph so blithe, and swain so gay,  
 At grateful evening's peaceful hour,  
 Together sought the shady bower.  
 There, ripe in villainy, the youth  
 Swore on his knees eternal truth,  
 And vow'd by ev'ry power above,  
 To be her true and only love.  
 Then to the shade where roses grew,  
 The unsuspecting maid he drew ;  
 When hot with soft lascivious fire,  
 He touch'd her lips with fierce desire,  
 Her trembling hand he seiz'd and press'd,  
 And snatch'd her ardent to his breast :  
 He saw Love's transport working high,  
 The gentle fires that shook her eye,  
 The sweet confusion trembling lip,  
 And soft rebuke that sighs did clip ;

The kindling blush that went and came,  
 And all the god that mov'd her frame.  
 She blush'd a deeper glow—and then—  
 Heav'n guard you from such wily men—  
 Confus'd and trembling gave her charms,  
 And melted loosely in his arms.  
 And now the throb of transport o'er,  
 Love's specious wiles can please no more—  
 ' Oh spare this blush,' Amanda cried,  
 ' And take, O take me for your bride :  
 The vows which you have made fulfil,  
 And still be true, and constant still.'  
 To whom, in heat of conscious pride,  
 The cruel perjur'd youth replied,  
 ' Too lovely maid, tho' none as you  
 Are half so fair, so kind, so true ;  
 Yet oh ! my father's harsh commands  
 Forbid the union of our hands ;  
 And such a union sure would be  
 The road to future misery ;'  
 He said with scorn, then turn'd aside,  
 And past the grove with hasty stride.  
 The woodbine hedge he bounded o'er,  
 And she, alas ! ne'er saw him more.

Think then, ye maids, and oh! beware,  
O think how stood th' astonish'd fair !  
In vain her arms, so lily-white,  
Essay'd to stop his cruel flight ;  
Her quick convulsive eye-balls roll,  
Expressive of her inward soul ;  
And from her cheek of damask red,  
Are all the ripening roses fled—  
Fled from her lip the vermil hue,  
Suffus'd at once with deadly blue ;  
In ev'ry feature madness reigns,  
And phrenzy thrills thro' all her veins ;  
Then dizziness her sense appals,  
And swooning, to the earth she falls.  
Prone on a bank the body lay,  
And life itself seem'd fled away :  
But now around the fainting maid  
A softly soothing zephyr play'd :  
Rous'd from her sad lethargic sleep,  
She wakes, alas ! but wakes to weep !  
Recovering thus, Tradition says,  
In sighs and tears she spent her days.  
This Aspin green still trembling here,  
An emblem meet of guilt and fear,

She bade to grow—which quickly rose  
 A sad recorder of her woes :  
 To future maidens, long the tree  
 A vernal monitor shall be.  
 Proceed, my muse, to yon rich ground—  
 So bright, so fair, was never found :  
 Here nature spreads before the view,  
 Her chequer'd robe of many a hue ;  
 On this side barren cliffs so high,  
 Tire the slow ascending eye ;  
 On that a wood of deeper shade,  
 Seems for melancholy made ;  
 And to yonder smiling farm,  
 Gives a lovlier, brighter charm.

Here Medlock rolls his waters by,  
 Withdrawing slowly from the eye ;  
 Each flower that on its border grows,  
 It gently kisses as it flows ;  
 And ev'ry pebble o'er and o'er  
 It seems at parting to deplore.—  
 Reluctant onward still it goes,  
 And sullen, sad, and silent flows ;  
 At length confin'd, it swells with rage,  
 While urging waters war presage :

It thunders loud, it foams, it raves,  
Th' obstructing rocks with fury laves,  
Till spent with rage, deny'd to stay,  
Vex'd, from the valley sweeps away ;  
And lost amidst the distant view,  
It bids the happy Vale adieu !



THE  
**Hill of Tor.\***

*A descriptive Poem.*

COME, thou reed of melting sound,  
Which the sylvan god once found,  
Syrinx' fate and Pan's delight,  
Minstrel sweet, attend my flight;  
Tones like thine, so soft and clear,  
Mountain nymphs entranc'd will hear.  
MEDLOCK's banks and streamlet smooth,  
Subjects that before could sooth,  
Now no more engage mine eye;  
Scenes more distant bid me fly:

---

\* The Hill of Tor is situate about two miles from Haslingden, in Lancashire, and is the most remarkable hill in the county for its frowning aspect and romantic appearance.

O'er the azure hills I go—  
 Irk and Roche I leave below ;  
 Rooley's hills so dark I pass,  
 Piles of peat and wither'd grass ;  
 Cheesden's rugged roads explore,  
 Where man's voice is heard no more :  
 Cawing fowl and bleating sheep,  
 Here incessant clamour keep.  
 Nature, in her undress, here  
 Frolics wild, devoid of fear.  
 Pass another step and then,  
 Buxom Dame, she smiles again,  
 Lovlier still we must confess,  
 Trim and fair in neatest dress ;  
 Yes, to her the palm we yield,  
 When she laughs at Edenfield.

Now on frowning Tor we gaze,  
 For the subject of my lays ;  
 Tor, which looks disdainful down  
 On each distant hill and town ;  
 On its top my muse alight—  
 Draw from thence the landscape bright.

From that lofty cliff that rears,  
 Hoary white with length of years,

If thou dar'st the fearful gaze,  
 Lo what flocks unnumber'd graze—  
 See the herds, the goodly shew,  
 On the many hills below.  
 Onward roves the wond'ring eye,  
 Sloping woodlands now I spy,  
 Furzy grounds, and meads beneath  
 Form around a yellow wreath ;  
 Dressed up in summer's pride,  
 Blooming as a youthful bride—  
 Charming scene, but soon to fade,  
 Like the beauties of the maid.  
 Phœbus doth at distance cheer—  
 Flora smiles when he comes near ;  
 Still advancing, ardent he,  
 Now he clasps the lovely she ;  
 Now she glows beneath his ray,  
 Yet she soon shall fade away.  
 So the sex and beauty's grace,  
 Yield to time and man's embrace.

Turn, my muse, to yonder scene,  
 Paint the ripened meadows green ;  
 Where the jocund mowers stand,  
 Gleaming seythes in ev'ry hand.

Now they move in glitt'ring row,  
Equidistant still they go ;  
Striking on with measur'd stride,  
Sweeping down the meadow's pride.  
Some from mid-day's burning sun,  
To the shady woodlands run ;  
And retir'd the minutes charm,  
With the dances arm in arm.  
Now, e'en now, in yonder glade,  
Festive grove by lover's made,  
Led to pipe and tabor sweet,  
See their many-twink'ling feet ;  
See them trace the mazy round,  
On the daisy speckled ground.  
Rich in charms, the bashful maid  
Swims along within the shade ;  
Burns her cheek all-glowing bright,  
Swell her graces on the sight.  
Others still with toil and heat,  
In the parched meadows sweat ;  
Where the lengthened windrows run,  
Rustling fragrant in the sun.  
See them trail the rakes around,  
On the newly-shaven ground.

Or more cheerful moments pass,  
 Tossing high the fleecy grass ;  
 Now in air a verdant screen,  
 Now scattered round, all light and green.  
 And beneath yon spreading tree,  
 You a rustic circle see,  
 Sat on grassy hillock there,  
 Tossing round the can of beer.  
 While the voider loaded hard,  
 Grateful decks the humble sward ;  
 And the song loud called for,  
 Echoes in the woods of Tor.

Rushing white upon mine eye,  
 Irwell rolls his streamlets by,  
 Pour'd from caves, and rocks, and hills,  
 Washing Tor with numerous rills :  
 From thy top they shew a scene,  
 Tissue bright enfring'd with green.  
 Now in pebbly beds they sooth,  
 Now a silv'ry mirror smooth :  
 Whilst the knotted flow'rs that grow,  
 Bend to view their charms below.  
 Now thro' cliffs they urge their way,  
 Tumbling loud to meet the day :

Here the cascade fills the eye,  
 Breathing vapour to the sky ;  
 There in gentler journeys seen,  
 Winding thro' the meadows green ;  
 Then anon the waters sleep,  
 In the hollow valleys deep.  
 Flowing smooth, or roaring high,  
 Still 'tis pleasing to the eye,  
 Whether seen in sun or shade,  
 Or in glances thro' the glade,  
 Hid by hill or woodland wild,  
 Or in silver radiance mild ;  
 Trembling thro' the foliage bright  
 Still it yields me new delight.

O fair nature, artful maid,  
 Drest in softest light and shade,  
 Blending, mellowing, sweet'ning still,  
 Nymph divine, of matchless skill,  
 Not a hill, or vale, or plain,  
 But appears of diff'rent stain ;  
 Not a herb or flow'ret gay,  
 But does different tints display :  
 E'en the vilest weeds that rise,  
 Colours have that harmonize.

Yes, the maid to pleasure me,  
Seeks each dear variety ;  
Yes, for me she changes dress,  
Anxious still mankind to bless :  
Green her undress, first she tries,  
Green, delightful to the eyes ;  
Next in full dress flaunts away,  
Decked out with flow'rets gay ;  
Then in golden pomp array'd,  
Comes the fair majestic maid ;  
Spreading all her charms to sight,  
Seeking still to give delight ;  
Last in widow'd matron's vest,  
Still she tries to be carest,  
And beneath a snowy veil  
Doth her withered charms conceal.  
Eye enraptur'd, glancing free,  
What varieties for thee :  
Smiling in the meadows green,  
Rising gay to deck the scene.  
*Edenfield*, that lovely vill,  
Shades with grace the distant hill ;  
From the hill with stronger light,  
Softly breaking on the sight,  
Scarce reveal'd, of bluey green,  
Cluster'd cottages are seen

On the top, which almost dies  
 In the azure of the skies,  
 See a lonely homely shed,  
 Lifting up to heav'n its head.  
 If to moral we allude  
 Such the man of fortitude ;  
 For in storms that shake the land,  
 Self collected see him stand ;  
 Like the cot upon the hill,  
 High he seems, yet humble still,  
 And what others shrink below,  
 Serves his greatness but to shew.

Now on wings of fancy sail,  
 Thro' the long-withdrawing Vale ;  
 There shall *Ircell's* silver stream,  
 Give a lustre to my theme :  
 While thro' woods it holds its way,  
 Beaming frequent on the day ;  
 Or on levels rich and fair,  
 Spreadeth forth its bosom bare ;  
 Here it rolls along its stream,  
 Gilt by sol's declining beam ;  
 And a thousand mazes made,  
 In the sun and in the shade,

Like a thread of silver hue  
Melteth in the landscape blue.  
Here dark woods the slopes adorn,  
Streak'd with fields of tender corn ;  
There the bleach-grounds glitt'ring white,  
Frequent catch the wond'ring sight ;  
Spires and villages between,  
Fill the gay and chequer'd scene,  
While behind of mellow hue  
Breaking white upon the view,  
Many a town revealed gay,  
Rolls its vapour on the day.  
See the muse confess the same,  
Turning from the gentle dame,  
Deck'd in all her vestments rare  
To salute the naked fair.



## Verses,

Supposed to have been spoken by a Volunteer to his Mistress,  
written in September 1804.

HAPLY invasion soon may be the word,  
To call th' avenging arm of Britian forth,  
Then be it Colin's lot with point of sword,  
To prove to thee his friendship and his  
worth.

For sure there dwells within my humble  
frame,

A soul that dares to mightiest deeds aspire;  
Yes, in my bosom lurks that latent flame  
That lit an Alfred's patriotic fire !

And should war's horrid tumult raging wide,  
With dire alarm break my Amelia's rest,  
Then start avenging falchion from my side,  
And *Albion's* dreadful spirit fire my breast.

Then, in the hottest rage of battle be my  
stand,

There place me, heav'n, to guard my lovely  
she ;

And Oh ! with ten-fold vengeance arm my  
hand,

To save Amelia or to bleed for thee.

## Morning.

SEE the flush of morning's light,  
 Purples yonder eastern cloud ;  
 Lo ! the lark begins his flight,  
 Warbling clear his mattin loud.  
 Fav'rites they of mighty Jove,  
 They alone with tow'ring wing,  
 Of all nations of the grove,  
 They alone " at heav'n's gate sing."  
 Rolls the silv'ry veil away  
 From the mountain's lofty shade,  
 Darts the rays of streaming day,  
 Thro' each green refreshing glade.  
 Gems and gold and glory bright,  
 Pourat once upon the eye ;  
 Flame the clouds, late virgin white,  
 Breaking in the orient sky.  
 Now bright sol ascends the east,  
 Flashing on the eye his beams ;  
 Lo ! the landscape hails the guest,  
 Blaze the windows, glance the streams.  
 Breathing zephyrs gently pass  
 O'er the bright enamelled meads,

Nods each green and tender grass,  
With a load of silv'ry beads.  
Sweetly sounds the shepherd's pipe  
From behind yon shady trees,  
Breaking gently on the ear,  
Swelling, sinking with the breeze.  
Droving thro' the miry roads,  
Faithful still to yonder shades,  
Moves the herd with humid loads  
Courting aid of gentle maids.  
Health's fair daughters, bright their cheek,  
Tripping forth as light as air,  
In the "custom'd nooks" do seek,  
Lowing kine their milchy care.  
'Neath their cows on tripods small,  
Chanting song they take their seats,  
To the measure moving all,  
Dripping fast the rosy teats.  
Morning's revel now enjoy ;  
Hark the tumult in the breeze :—  
Sounds of labour, sounds of joy,  
Low of cattle, hum of bees.



## Absent Love.

Inscribed to a friend in Chester.

WHEN Sylvia fair, with step so light,  
 'Trips o'er the bright enamell'd mead,  
 My heart feels then enraptur'd quite,  
 While all seems soft where'er I tread.

But when the gentle fair's away,  
 'The kine stand moaning at the gate ;  
 The kine, which erst she fed each day,  
 Like me, all mourn their hapless fate.

The bullfinch, fav'rite of my fair,  
 That pick'd the crumbs from her fair hand,  
 That fav'rite, which engross'd her care,  
 Now pensive, on its perch doth stand.

I try'd to ease my troubled mind,  
 I sought the grove, the woods again ;  
 I try'd my flute, some ease to find,  
 But breath'd it o'er and o'er in vain.

For Sylvia she was gone afar,  
 Who wont to join with voice so sweet;

The notes discordant seem'd to jar,  
Enrag'd, I flung it at my feet.

I wander'd by the silv'ry brook,  
Which wont to charm both eye and ear ;  
But turgid now its waters look,  
And nought but murmurs can I hear.

Ye sloping fields of golden hue,  
That on the valley's sides appear ;  
Ye distant mountains rising blue,  
In vain your lofty heads you rear.

Ye mountainets\* so fresh and green,  
Bespeck'd with daisies virgin white ;  
Ye plains where nibbling flocks are seen,  
Alas ! unpleasant seems your sight.

I pass'd my Sylvia's lovely cot,  
Which ivy wraps in mantle green ;  
That lattice where—O happy lot !—  
By moon-light oft my fair I've seen.

The woodbine which o'er-arch'd the door,  
No flaunting charms doth now display ;  
I start to view each object o'er,  
So alter'd, since she went away.

\* Vide Johnson's Dictionary.

THE

**Maid of Musbury;**

OR,

**UNSUCCESSFUL LOVE.**

SOFT fans the breeze, streams bubble by,  
 In vain they breathe or flow for me ;  
 All sounds, tho' pleasing, cause a sigh,  
 O maiden fair of Musbury.

Dark seems thy\* sullen mountains side,  
 But darker far those frowns from thee ;  
 My pipe, tho' sweet, I can't abide,  
 O maiden dear of Musbury.

O why did Fate inspire a flame,  
 That she decreed should smother'd be ?  
 O why did Fortune, fickle dame,  
 E'er shew the maid of Musbury ?

---

\* Alluding to a hill in Musbury.

Why rather kept she not from view  
 The maid she ne'er intended me ?  
 What angry pow'r the curtain drew,  
 That hid the maid of Musbury ?

At variance sure had Fortune been,  
 With those dread pow'rs the sisters three ;  
 When busy Cupid stept between,  
 And twang'd his bow, for Musbury.

The arrow rankles long indeed,  
 And Hymen deigns no remedy ;  
 O cruel gods ! I'm doom'd to bleed !  
 Love's victim !—scorn of Musbury !



## Verses,

WRITTEN BY MOON-LIGHT,

And addressed to a Lady during her sickness.

HOW soft and sweet thy silver beam,  
 O LUNA ! Empress of the night ;  
 Faint shed on *Irweel's* infant stream,  
 Propitious love still hails thy light.

Oft on the margin green and gay,  
 Fast by the rippled streamlet there,  
 As quiv'ring pale thy faint beams play,  
 I sit and mourn th' afflicted fair.

There, as the bending oziers green,  
 The murmur'ring waters seem to kiss,  
 An emblem of my woes is seen ;  
 Adieu, all hope ! all earthly bliss !

See'st thou yon silv'ry cirelet bright,  
 Shedding a lustre soft and clear ?  
 See'st thou the clouds, in dappled light,  
 In thousand vary'd tints appear ?

How still the scene, how fair, how grand !  
 The light so soft, the shades so deep !

See Nature half-revealed stand,  
 While on the ground the moon-beams  
 sleep.\*

O ! such a scene might raise the heart,  
 Transport to heav'n the soul of joy;  
 But how shall heav'n a bliss impart  
 To one, who knows not to enjoy ?

For me remains no distant ray,  
 To cheer my lonely wand'rings here ;  
 For me is mark'd a dreary way,  
 Where Hope ne'er comes, the mind to  
 cheer.

No ; thou MARIA, ne'er to me  
 One sweet consoling look did'st shew ;  
 Yet, O ! can I that pale cheek see,  
 Those roses fade—unmov'd by woe ?

Still does the stroke I gave vibrate ;  
 My pardon seal with thy last breath ;  
 ('Twas passion urg'd, and luckless fate,)  
 O sigh forgiveness at thy death !

---

\* Vide Shakespere, ' How sweet the moon-light sleeps  
 upon the ground.'

Death ! O my soul !—no—can *she* die ?

Can one so perfect cease to be ?

If so, ye pow'rs who rule on high,

Ye blest immortals, tremble ye !

Yes, ye may fear, and swiftly fly,

To rescue merit, beauty great ;

Deseend, celestials, from on high,

Infuse some balsam ere too late.

O give the fair to cheer her friends,

A circling kindred still to glad ;

The weeping group that o'er her bends ;

O raise her from her pillow sad.

Give her to smile in yonder shade,

To tread the green turf full of glee ;

To shame Aurora, blushing maid,

And bid her whisper *peace to me.*



## VERSES TO SLEEP.

COME balmy sleep, that lov'st to dwell  
 With peace and solitude ;  
 In holy hermit's rocky cell,  
 Or in the cottage rude.

O come, thou balsam for all pain,  
 That sets each vassal free ;  
 Come, sweet forgetfulness, again  
 Thy poppies shed on me.

O come, thou god of soft repose,  
 Upon my senses steal ;  
 My eyes with soft oppression close,  
 Mine eye-lids gently seal.



## NELSON'S GLORIES.

AS mighty *Albion*, on her rocky throne,  
 With conscious pride survey'd her empire green  
 Before her, crown'd with laurel, Vict'ry shone,  
 And, bending low, address'd the mighty Queen:  
     Accept this wreath for deathless deeds :  
     But know, for this thy *Fav'rite* bleeds.  
 Take back the paltry thing, great Albion cries,  
 Take back thy boasted wreath, if NELSON dies !

I've seen Apollo mount the eastern skies,  
 O'erpower'd with the effulgence that he gave :  
 So did my NELSON, *Naval Sun*, arise,  
 And shed his glory on *Aboukir's* wave.  
     Yes, *Araby*, still trembles at his name,  
     Here he aspir'd—he won a deathless fame.  
 But where's my Son, my Glory ?—Albion cries ;  
 Take back thy boasted wreath, if NELSON dies.

Behold his Glory at meridian height,  
 When to the *Fretum*\* fam'd he shot his ray,

\* *Fretum* is the Latin name for *The sound, or Northern Streights*.

*Haphnia*, amaz'd, beheld his potent light,  
 And *Gaul's* and *Dania's* thunders fled away.  
 The *Baltic*, thro' her waters great,  
 Shrunk back affrighted for her fate.

But where's my Son, my Glory ?—Albion cries ;  
 Take back thy boasted wreath, if **NELSON** dies.

Burning with glory, mark his prone career,  
 Now in the west a gathering darkness lours ;  
 And fair *Jamaica* deems her fate is near ;  
 Tho' clouds awhile obscur'd his brilliant pow'rs,  
 He soon burst forth in glory bright,  
 And *Gallic vapours* fled his sight.

But where's my Son, my Glory ?—Albion cries :  
 Take back thy boasted wreath, if **NELSON** dies !

Now from th' Atlantic fierce he does appal,  
 Shooting a bloody and a farewell ray ;  
*Hispania* trembles, and the sons of *Gaul* :  
 Loud thunders *Gades*† shake, and close his day.  
 His sun is set,—no more to rise,  
 Dry, dry the tear from British eyes.

Lost is my Son, my Glory—Albion cries,  
 And poor is Vict'ry's wreath, if **NELSON** dies !

---

† *Gades*, the Latin name for *Cadiz*.

## A Tale.

### BOOTS AND SHOES AT VARIANCE.

---



---

MORNING dy'd the ruddy east,  
 Cymon waking from his rest,  
 Calls to mind the morning's joy,  
 How a youth and maiden coy,  
 Must, at Hymen's altar gay,  
 Join their hands that very day.  
 Quick he rises from his bed,  
 Knots and rings perplex his head;  
 Clothes are huddled on in haste,  
 Rigg'd complete from toe to waist,  
 Down the stairs, where pride assails,  
 Boots are handed from the nails ;  
 On they go, in hurry vast—  
 On, I said—but not so fast.  
 Stop a while—what's to be done ?  
 Now commences all our fun.  
 Legs are fast, nor up nor down  
 Will they move—when thus the clown :  
 “ Piteous is my case indeed,  
 “ How shall e'er my legs be free'd ?

“ This doth all my pleasure blast,  
 “ Cas’d in cum’rous leather fast :  
 “ Yes, I pull, but ’tis in vain,  
 “ Legs are in, and must remain.”  
 He scratch’d his head—his elbow twitch’d\*  
 “ The d—l’s in’t, they might be *stitch’d* ;†  
 “ Hell and brimstone ! what, shall I  
 “ Stilted go ?”—he loud did cry;  
 “ And go I must, upon my word,  
 “ The *posset’s* smoking on the board.”  
 Wak’d from her bed in fright,  
 Now his wife appear’d in sight :  
 “ What’s to do, I pray,” she cries,  
 “ That you make such dreadful noise ?”  
 “ Dreadful ! d—n it, look you here,  
 “ Fast I’m stuck in leather geer !”  
 “ Love, how came you to be so ?”  
 “ How the devil should I know !  
 “ Here I am, you see it plain,  
 “ And to jelly squeez’d with pain.

---

\* He has a peculiar way of twitching his elbow when irritated.      † He is by trade a *tailor*.

‡ At rural weddings, there is in this part of the country generally a posset.

" This your pride—I told you, wife,  
 " I'd ne'er boots in all my life."  
 Then to pull them off she tries ;  
 " O 'tis quite in vain!" she cries ;  
 " Fast you are, and must remain,  
 " So frame your mind to bear the pain."  
 Cymon could no longer hold,  
 But more loudly did he scold ;  
 Curs'd those stupid Crispin *foo's*,  
 Who to boots first lengthen'd *shoes* ;  
 Yet, the things, he said, might do,  
 But the putting *that in these*,  
 Was like mixing chalk and cheese.  
 " *That in these!*" his wife replies,  
 All amaz'd and in surprise :  
 " Why my fool, my good-man sweet,  
 " Are your *shoes* upon your feet?"  
 " To be sure, you fool!" he cries,  
 " Why should that excite surprise ?  
 " Would you have me wear a *boot*,  
 " And—*no shoe upon my foot?*"



## Ellen's Absence.

---

AS lately I stray'd on the green,  
The sun was retiring to rest ;  
The ev'ning was bright and serene,  
And Flora the meadows had drest.

The songsters were swelling their throats,  
With soft and melodious strains ;  
As enchanting to me were their notes,  
As those heard where Philomel reigns.

With rapture I gaz'd on the scene,  
While my bosom beat quick with delight ;  
Nor retir'd, till the last glimpse of e'en  
Had hail'd the soft shadows of night.

For beauteous Ellen was there,  
The delicate maid of my love ;  
Whose figure 'twere vain to compare,  
Whose sweetness may challenge the dove.

But now, when I haunt scenes so dear,  
 Their beauties no pleasure impart ;  
 No more does the charmer appear,  
 Who formerly ravish'd my heart.

Not the warbling tenants of air,  
 Not the scent of the newly-mown hay,  
 An attraction for me can prepare,  
 While white-bosom'd Ellen's away.

Twas she who gave tune to the song  
 Of the birds, which so charm'd me before;  
 'Twas she tripp'd so lightly along,  
 And now I can see her no more.

Then hither each night I'll repair,  
 Here plaintively pour out my grief ;  
 Till she who created my care,  
 Shall return, and convey me relief.



THE

## Native Cottage.

---

ALL hail, thou sweet cottage of bliss,  
Encircled with meadows so green ;  
When Flora doth wantonly kiss  
Pomona, that deep blushing queen.

Thy little green hedge-rows so fair,  
Which skirt the sweet pastures so bright,  
Where warble the tenants of air,  
How charming, how pleasing the sight.

In the front, lo ! a garden so neat,  
Where lilies and chessbowls do blow ;  
O ye gods ! a more pleasing retreat,  
For mortals, ye sure cannot shew !

The daisy, with bright golden eye,  
 Still borders the avenues round ;  
 The pea, which loves rambling on high,  
 To the light slender willow is bound.

A soft bushy seat, if you rest,  
 Does the strong-scented camomile spread ;  
 A plant that delights to be prest,  
 And kisses the foot that will tread.

The rosemary, funeral tree,  
 That Papists inscribe to a saint ;  
 The tulip all glorious to see,  
 Which heaven's own pencil doth paint.

But still there's a *Flow'r* I can't see,  
 That wont to blow here, I am told ;  
 O anguish for ever to me !  
 That *Flow'r*\* is now cover'd with mould.

Yet Hope hath bright prospects within ;  
 A great *vernal morn* she sees there :  
 Heaven's trumpet shall usher it in,  
 Full-blown then that *Flow'r* shall appear.

---

\* Alluding to a relative of the family, now deceased.

## Colin and Mary.

### A TALE.\*

TWO little sheds, with ivy bound,  
 On *Medlock's* margin stand ;  
 Here **COLIN** had fair **MARY** found,  
 The lov'liest in the land.

'Twas but a mead, one little mead,  
 That parted them so true ;  
 And oft' at morn the path he'd tread,  
 Or brush the evening's dew.

Of all fair maids she was the queen,  
 Search all these woodlands thro' ;  
 Mild as the infant in her mein,  
 As pure, as harmless too.

---

\* The recent misfortune of a damsel, an inhabitant of this valley, almost gives stability to my narrative, and was, in truth the occasion of it.

Unseen in yon green thorny bush,  
 Hid by the leafy shade,  
 A lovely rose withdraws to blush,  
 Fair emblem of the maid.

Yes, like that flow'r all fair she seem'd,  
 Admir'd by ev'ry swain ;  
 Yet COLIN only was esteem'd ;  
 She strove to ease his pain.

Oft' on their hearth, when work was o'er,  
 He'd chat the hours away,  
 Gaze on the maid he did adore,  
 Then take his lute, and play.

Thus constant still in joy and glee,  
 Each coming hour they past,  
 But Heav'n, all-wise, 'twas His decree,  
 To dash their bliss at last.

The summer came with chaplets gay,  
 Bright smil'd the cheerful east ;  
 When COLIN rising trip't away,  
 To break sweet MARY's rest.

**A**wake, my love, my **MARY**, rise ;  
**T**hy **COLIN** calls on thee :  
**B**ehold fair morning gilds the skies,  
**C**ome then along with me.

**T**he humble bees their work begin ;  
**H**ow charming is their sound !  
**I** hear the milk-maids' merry din,  
**T**he landscape opens round.

**Y**es, see, my love, the vapours fly,  
**T**he hills and vales appear ;  
**A**ll Nature smiling seems to cry,  
**C**ome haste thee, **MARY** dear.

**H**aste to the moorlands, gentle maid,  
**T**o pick the bilberry ;  
**T**o join us in yon woodland shade,  
**N**ow wait a company.

**T**here, as beneath a cliff we be,  
**I**'ll plead my cause of love ;  
**I**mmortal pow'rs shall envy me,  
**B**eholding from above.

In the full-leaved bushes so green,  
 The gooseberries blushingly hide ;  
 From Sol's burning ray still a screen  
 The apple-trees' branches provide.

His well-known voice she gladly hears,  
 And starting from her bed,  
 She met her mother full of tears,  
 Who sigh'd, and shook her head.

Beware, my sweet one, said the dame,  
 Beware your life this day :  
 Such dreadful dreams, I dare not name,  
 Do rack my brain alway.

Yet one this night more frightful still,  
 With tenfold terrors came ;  
 Dash'd head-long down a dreary hill,  
 I saw thy shattered frame.

And woe to me, if such a thing !—  
 But let it not alarm ;  
 The guardian pow'rs shall form a ring,  
 To save thee still from harm.

Heav'n's blessings ever go with thee,  
 Whate'er thy fate be then ;  
 But if thy death 'fore-doomed be,  
 O may death strike again.

The swain still urg'd her ling'ring feet ;  
 She saw her mother's fear ;  
 They part by stealth, sheir eyes oft' meet,  
 And oft' they drop a tear.

And now with wicker baskets neat,  
 Behold the youthful train,  
 With mirthful voice, and youthful feet,  
 Stretch o'er the dusty plain.

O'er hill and valley now they go,  
 Love still the theme they chose ;  
 Ah ! Hope, how fair thy prospects shew,  
 Thou hid'st all future woes !

For lo ! a mist all sudden low'rs,  
 And hides the landscape fair ;  
 The distant rocks that seem'd like tow'rs,  
 At once obscured are.

The brooding vapour closes deep,  
 A step you scarce can see ;  
 Our lovers climb a lofty steep,  
 Unknowing where they be.

And here the youth all void of care,  
 Of gay and lively soul ;  
 The napkin from her bosom fair,  
 In wanton mirth he stole.

He wav'd it high, and held it there,  
 All in a sportive way ;  
 Ah ! fatal sport,—with many a tear,  
 He long shall mourn that play.

She ran—she past the mountain's top,  
 Ah ! vain are all her cries ;  
 Down, headlong down, she cannot stop,  
 To meet her death she flies !

There, dreadful dash'd upon a wall,  
 She gives a dismal groan ;  
 Ah ! see, all lovely, see her fall,  
 Her blood distains the stone.

And as the last pang wrung her frame,  
 All with her latest breath ;  
 She murmur'd forth her COLIN's name,  
 And clos'd her eyes in death.

He heard his name—it wounds his ear,  
 Ah! what could give such pain ?  
 The fatal sound for ever there  
 Vibrating shall remain.

How shall I paint poor COLIN then ?  
 Convulsive rolls his eye ;—  
 Now staring quick,—now hid again,—  
 His bosom lab'ring high.

Then pale,—then fixt,—as statue is,—  
 But heav'n delights to save ;  
 And shew'd the wretch that future bliss  
 Still lies beyond the grave.

The nymphs and swains in summer gay,  
 'To MARY's grave shall go ;  
 And round her stone and pointed clay,  
 Ripe bilberries shall strew.

That berry black shall point her fate,  
While future swains agree,  
The fruit an emblem consecrate,  
To parted love shall be.

True love thus cross'd they long shall mourn  
With many a briny tear ;  
Bend low to heav'n's decrees most deep,  
Which part true lovers dear.



## VERSES,

On seeing a young lady commit her child to the care of a nurse  
when it was evident she could suckle the babe herself.

YE luscious rosebuds\*, flow'rets fair of love,  
That bloom beneath that veil so fine,  
Adding a charm to those soft mounds above,  
Making the psospect more divine.

Impearl'd with richest moisture still ye rise,  
The lip of innoeence to meet ;  
Who to the swelling fountain eager flies,  
With looks of rapture heav'nly sweet.

Then when the foundling lifts its little eye,  
And moulds those globes with its fair hand,  
Then doth the mother feel a thrilling joy,  
Which none but mothers understand.

And shall those vital drops of pearly white,  
Distilling from that vermil sluice,

---

\* The nipples.

Exude in vain?—They are the cherub's  
right;  
Why offer Nature such abuse?

Can you deny the food by heav'n design'd,  
The liquid of those rubies fair?  
Unnatural deed! O worse than brutal kind,  
Can ye forego a mother's care?

Those blushing germins, Nature meant to  
feed  
A laughing train of Cupids gay;  
Abhorrent, can ye then forsake your seed?  
Not so the very beasts of prey!



THE  
**SPONSOR TOP-HEAVY;**  
 OR,  
**THE CHILD LOST.**

-----  
 A FACT.  
 -----

The Scene lies at Sh-w-Ch-p-l, and between there and M-lk  
 St-n', on the R-chd-l' road.

I SING not of that mighty Midianite,  
 Who did th' Egyptian monarch so afright,  
 Who spoke the dreadful plagues that smote his  
 land,  
 To rescue Hebrew's children from his hand.  
 Tho' this my story, which I now relate,  
 Bears 'semblance to that mighty lawyer's fate ;  
 Yet is my verse nor sacred, nor renown'd,  
 No Royal Princess e'er my *bantling* found.  
 My fact, for real fact is this I state,  
 Is but an aaccident of modern date.

In fair *Lancastria's* rich commercial land,  
 A sacred edifice there now doth stand !

To which some *pious* matrons lately came,  
 To give their little bairn a christian name.  
 They saw him sprinkled, cross'd above the nose  
 And the good curate cried, “ I sign thee, Mose : ”  
 “ Amen ! ” rejoin'd poor Sternhold, and with pray'r  
 They leave the holy place, and quick repair  
 To the *Queen's-Head*, where things are fully done.  
 That in the *other house* are but begun.  
 And sure the rubric of our church doth say,  
 At least such is the custom of our day,  
 No baby e'er on Christian land is anchor'd,  
 Till fairly dipp'd and sprinkled with a tankard.

One tankard empty'd, straight another oams,  
 Till dusk reminds our mothers of their homes.  
 They rise to go, but cannot trust their eyes—  
 “ Why sure,” cries one, “ the chair and table flies;  
 “ The candles dance; how soft, how gay all seems;  
 “ Why this is Paradise my fancy deems.”  
 They hurry off, all joke, and mirth, and play,  
 And straggling wide along the meadows stray :  
 Sometimes they meet and mingle hurly burly,  
 Each tumbling o'er the other topsy-turvy;  
 Then running, staring, shouting loud, and  
 splashing,  
 To *M—lk St—n' Row* they all at length come  
 dashing ;

When lo!—th' affair I hope will not deject,  
 Tho' what my reader scarcely could expect—  
 One of the *worthy* sponsors, named Rosy,  
 Exclaim'd, “ Good God above! I've *lost* poor  
*Mosè*!

“ Yes, yes, he's gone!” she frantic cried, and  
 wild,  
 “ Out of my apron have I *lost the child*!”  
 “ Lost the child!” in wonder all repeat again,  
 “ Why, what the d—I was within your brain?”  
 “ Ah, *God o' mercy*!” cries she, “ I'm undone!”  
 And out of doors, like lunatic, she run.

Now rav'd the mother, now she beat her breast,  
 Tore her long tresses, curs'd her senseless guest.  
 “ A light procure!” some sober people cry,  
 “ To find the poor lost little one we'll try.”  
 While one at length, less drunk than were the rest,  
 Selected out from ev'ry christening guest,  
 Points out the way—with speedy steps they fly,  
 Seek ev'ry path, and ev'ry corner try.  
 At length near *Gr-v-l Hole*, was found, O *Rosy*!  
 Snug, sleeping in the rushes, little *Mosè*!  
 In swaddlings wrapped close, the little urchin lay,  
 And little thought how mammy griev'd his loss  
 that day.

## May.

LO ! M A Y, in dishabille, with rose-buds crown'd,  
 Comes tripping o'er the daisied meadows gay ;  
 How sweet the ground while hedge-rows bloom  
 around,  
 How charm'd the ear when music's on each  
 spray.

Again the milk-maid's ditty greets the ear,  
 Resounding oft, along the echoing vale ;  
 Hark! hark! the notes all trembling, sweet & clear,  
 Soft breaking on the incense-breathing gale.  
 The jocund youths their gambols oft renew,  
 At morn, at noon, and eve, they now are seen ;  
 Warm suns still tempt, and skies serene and blue,  
 While Joy claps hands upon the cottage green.  
 But what have I with these or Joy to do ?  
 Why shed'st thou, Sun, thy genial rays on me ?  
 Life of the world, and soul of Nature through,  
 My woe-fraught heart nor feels thy pow'r nor  
 thee.  
 Andthee, sweet M A Y, gay wanton, why so bright ?  
 Why decked out in all thy splendid show ?  
 Why com'st thou with a step so brisk and light ?  
 Thou know'st *my breast* no more of Joy shall  
 know.

## VERSES

**To Temperance.**

---

HAIL Temperance fair, with cheek of red,  
And skin of pearly hue,  
Come, leave with me thy rushy bed,  
And brush the morning's dew.

Or, ere the breath of morn so sweet  
Day's vapours foul shall taint;  
Or, ere the woodland's song shall greet  
Aurora's blushes faint.

Bring Contemplation too, sweet maid,  
He is thy sober child;  
Or bid him meet us in the shade,  
With look compos'd and mild.

And when the orient flames with gold,  
 And rolling mists recede,  
 The op'ning scene we'll then behold,  
 From yonder upland mead.

Then, nymph serene and hale of look,  
 We'll trip it down the vale,  
 And scoop our nectar from the brook,  
 And on the same regale.

Where CERES, rich in train of gold,  
 Our off'rings doth demand ;  
 For, full as e'er our scrips can hold,  
 She deals with lib'ral hand.

Her waving bounties rise around,  
 She nodding beckons thee ;  
 Methinks her mantle's rustling sound,  
 Still whispers " taste of me."

The fountain pure, the crust of bread,  
 Thus fed our fathers hoar ;  
 But where is now their spirit fled ?  
 Where now that patriot corps ?

From Lux'ry's lap, O Britain ! wake,  
 O woeful soon thy case ;  
 Lo ! pride and war, her offspring, shake  
 Great Europe to the base.

Oh ! fly the wanton, fly her wiles,  
 Clasp Temp'rance brisk and light ;  
 With rosy'cheek and dimpled smiles,  
 She'll lead thee to the fight.

Gallia not then, with hostile swarm,  
 Shall dare thy arms defy ;  
 Temp'rance shall nerve thy hero's arm,  
 And bid thy legions fly.



## Address

### TO THE GENIUS OF ALBION.

CAN Albion's Genius her repose now take,  
 In this portentous gloom, while Europe bows ?  
 Wake ! awful spirit of our fathers, wake !  
 Rouse, Britain ! arbitress of Europe, rouse !

Where does the rusty sword of EDWARD sleep,  
 Which circumscrib'd the limits of our foe,  
 And bade them still their *narrow* bound'ries keep,  
 "Thus far, proud France, no further shalt thou  
 go ?"

Does none, nor Prince, nor Noble, ardent burn ?  
 Are they *all* sunk in Lux'ry's silken bed ?  
 Wilt none, not one, the bloated harlot spurn,  
 And snatch th' immortal palm from Gallia's  
 head ?

“ Death to the foe !” in purple bowls ye toast ;  
 Why rather bear ye not th’ avenging sword ;  
 Or ere th’ invader’s thunder on our coast,  
 Shall silence mirth, and shake the festive board ?

O quit vain pleasure, ere ye hope success ;  
 Let not oppression goad, or treach’ry drain ;  
 Nor riot lessen still the peasant’s mess ;  
 Then, then would Britons spurn a *foreign chain*.

This, this would light the patriotic flame ;  
 O yes, I swear there’s not a Briton here,  
 (Or if there be, he merits not the name)  
 Who would not *then* stake life, for freedom dear.



## Cupid's Mistake.

HE ne'er at you did let his arrows fly,  
And he had reason for't—I'll tell you why:

The wanton boy had lately been a sporting,  
With bow and arrow at his side,  
He'd shot some dozen scores, that now are  
counting,  
And was returning full of pride.

He met you by a streamlet gently flowing,  
His fated bow he seiz'd with speed ;  
'Th' impatient shaft was pluck'd, and just  
a-going,  
That should have made your bosom  
bleed.

When lo ! the little Mischief ceas'd his aim-  
ing,  
'Tis seldom he has such command ;  
Astonish'd and dismay'd beyond all naming,  
The weapon quits his trembling hand,

O dire intent ! (he cried) and past recording,  
That I should aim an arrow there,  
At *thee*, in form, in likeness so according,  
At *thee*, my *elder brother* dear.

## To Ringers.

---

THE Quakering people in their writings say,  
That we use bells to fright the devils away ;  
If so, no wonder we have *so much* ringing ;  
No, no, we've need to keep them *ever swinging*.

Such strange accounts the various papers tell,  
In Glo'stershire about a certain bell,  
Which thro' three different floors successive fell  
On a poor fellow's head, and *rang his knell*.

Our neigb'ring ringers in this country here,  
Were I a bell, should have great cause to fear :  
If, at my tail, they did thus constant pull,  
I'd tumble too, and crack each *empty* skull.

-•-•-•-•-

## Battle of the Nile.

---

To Nelson victorious devote we the day,  
 The subject will render immortal the lay ;  
 Let party-rage and strife forgotten now be,  
 And each loyal Briton join chorus with me.

### CHORUS.

Then charge all your glasses, around let them  
 smile,  
 Brimful to the hero who fought off the Nile.

Our channel too narrow, now bounds us no more,  
 Lo ! Britain's loud thunder now shakes ev'ry shore,  
 This Egypt late felt when our bulwarks did roar;  
 Sure the Nile never saw such a conflict before.

Then charge, &c.

Behold then, O Britain, thou much favor'd land,  
 Abash'd and confounded the nations now stand;  
 In wonder admire thee again and again,  
 E'en Gallia confesses thee Lord of the main.

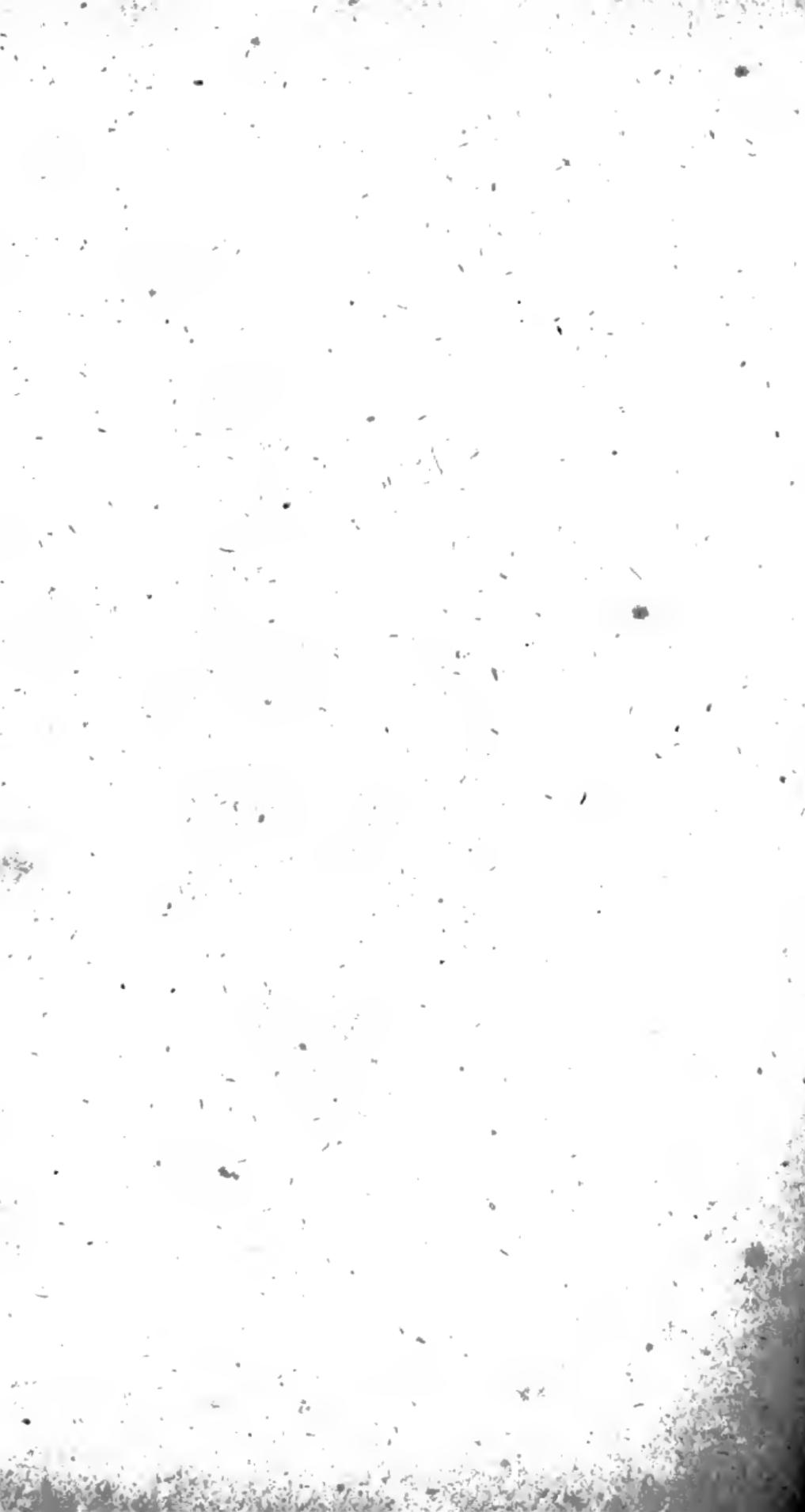
Then charge, &c.

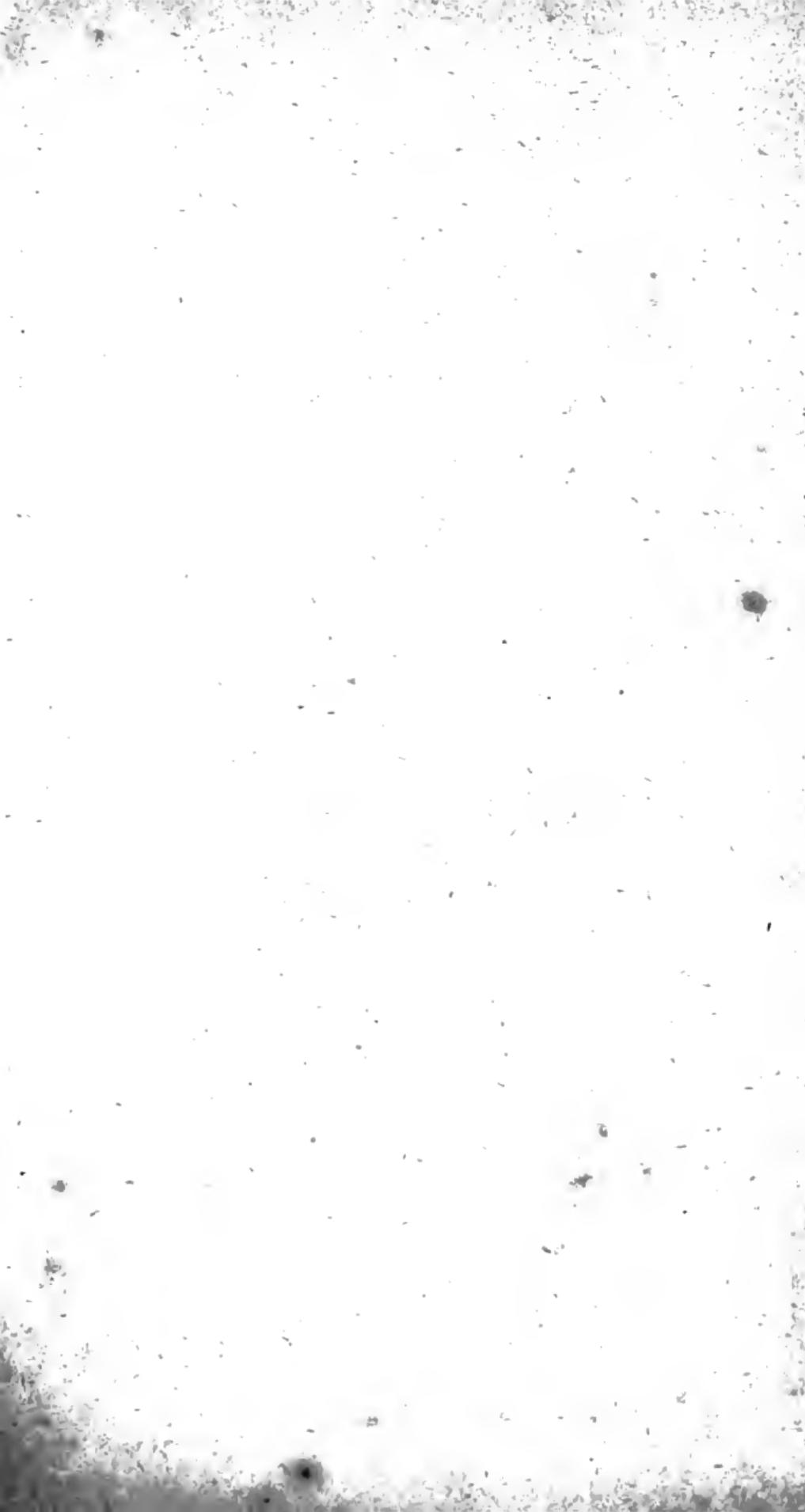
The ships that werè ta'en, or the numbers that fell,  
To th' historian alone it belongs for to tell;  
But I dare him to shew a conquest so fine,  
Or a battle compared, O Nelson with thine.

Then charge, &c.

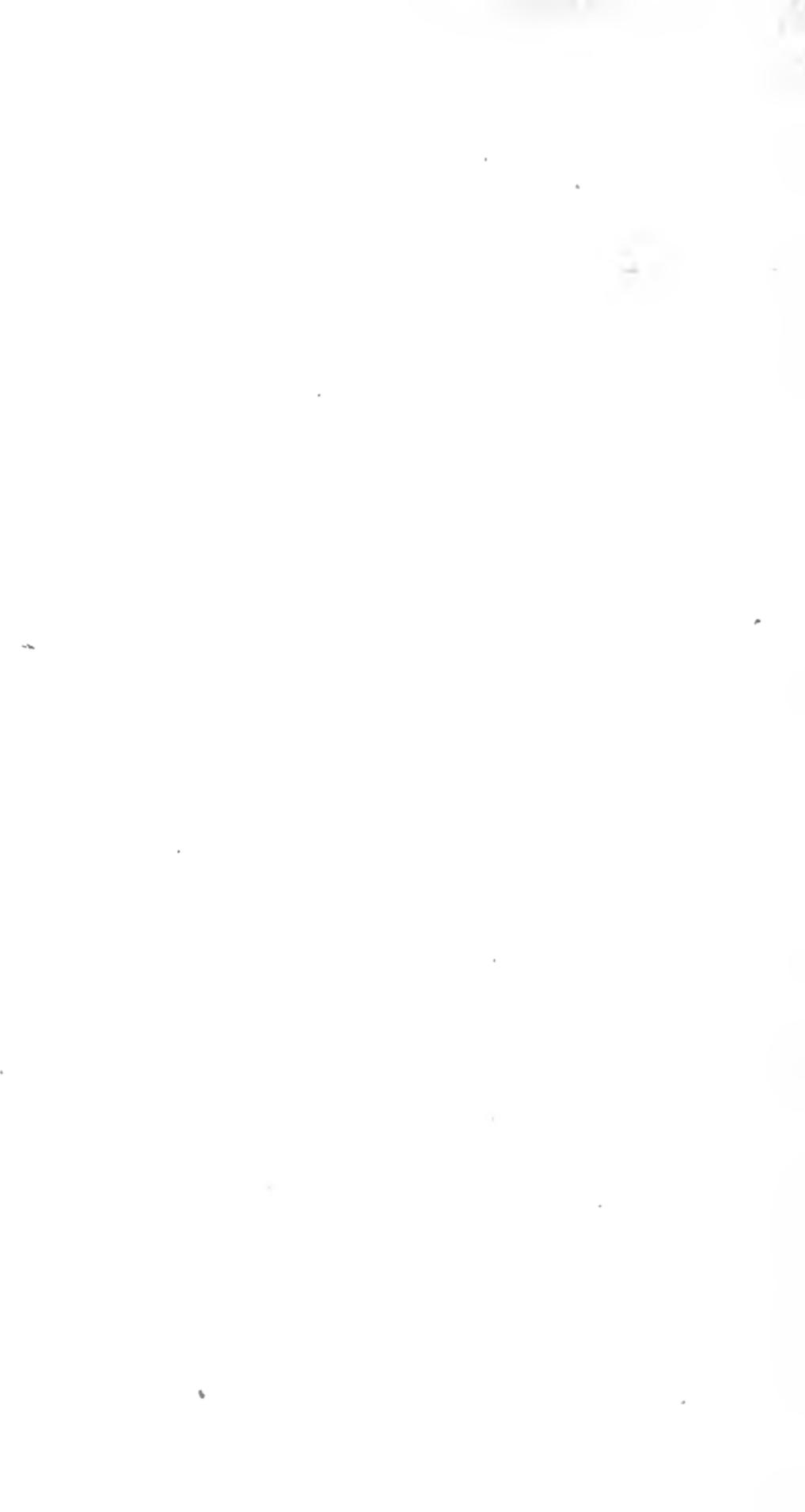
















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